

Sleepwear

by AbbyNormality

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Summary: Contrary to popular belief, Raven does not wear full tactical gear to bed... Raven/Nero. Fluff. Rated T for some language

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****A/N:** Hi everyone, this is my first story- I'm not going to ask for you to be super nice to me because of it. I always welcome constructive criticism and would love to hear any feedback you have. I do not appreciate flames though- if you don't like it don't read it- that's my belief anyway. So read it and let me know what you think if you have the time. 'Peace AbbyNorm**

****Disclaimer:** I do not own any of the characters because last time I checked I was not Mark Walden...Damn.**

Contrary to popular belief, Raven did not sleep in full tactical battle gear. Actually that was her dirty little secret: she couldn't sleep in it to save her life. She believed it was because once you were in full gear during in The Glasshouse, you didn't sleep. No matter how tired you were. The result of this was that Raven's pajamas were one of her (extremely few) indulgences. This didn't mean she slept unprotected however; there was a Glock under her pillow, several shuriken and knives in a hidden pouch on the side of her bed and her katanas took the spot traditionally reserved for a teddy bear. But she would sleep in fuzzy, fleece pajama pants, tank tops and if it was particularly hot, just a nightshirt.

Which is why it would be awkward for someone who had pretty much only seen her in tactical gear or the occasional formal wear to see her in her pajamas. Especially if she has to share a bed with them due to a computer glitch. Especially if she just might have feelings for them. Especially if they were her boss.

'Stupid computer glitch' Raven internally fumed, pulling on her

pajamas in the admittedly comfortable hotel bathroom. She continued muttering Russian expletives under her breath as she got ready. Nero had suggested that they share the bed-since they were both adults. She gave a small sigh, if she had overly protested he might have figured out about her small crush. As it was, she was still trying to convince herself that he wasn't smirking when he suggested it. As she called outside the door to see if he was decent, Raven wondered for the umpteenth time why she couldn't just sleep on the couch-well there wasn't one-or the floor-which apparently Max's gentlemanliness wouldn't allow.

She began to wonder however, if it wasn't something more, as having received the affirmative and opening the door, found the occupant of her thoughts standing there with that goddamn smirk on his face. He looked her up and down and she began to feel self-conscious. She was wearing a black tank and soft navy blue cotton pants patterned with tiny ravens. His smirk widened. She gave him a sharp look and crossed the room, retrieving her weapons bag and removing the glock. Now it was her turn to smirk as he paled imperceptibly to anyone who hadn't had her training and wasn't familiar with Nero's expressions. His smirk resumed when she put the gun under the pillow and tucked the end on the bag under the mattress so the rest of the bag dangled with easy access to her weapons. "That's the side you're sleeping on I presume?" Nero said, breaking the silence.

Raven responded with a predatory grin to which he raised an eyebrow. "I sincerely doubt ****you**** would hurt me Natalya", he said smirking again.

Her smile dropped off her face. He couldn't knowâ€¦could he? "Yes" he continues sounding amused at her reaction "you of all people would want meâ€¦unharmèd."

His smirk grew. 'Yes, he knows. I'm screwed' Raven winced internally knowing Max would have fun with this. Her expression must have changed slightly though since Max started to look like the cat that got the canary-she could almost see the feathers. Trying to pretend nothing had happened, she climbed into her side of the bed facing away from him. She heard a soft sigh and felt the bed dip as he got in on his side and flicked the light out.

For a while there was silence; then just as Raven had started to relax and doze, an arm shot out and pulled her against Max's chest. She could have fought it. Heck she could have killed him in numerous ways from her position. But she didn't, she relaxed into it. Raven mentally groaned. She was the world's most deadly assassin- she shouldn't be snuggling with Ma-Nero.

And yet here she was and worse yet, she liked it. Faster than she'd like to admit, she relaxed again and was almost asleep when he buried his face into her neck. She mentally sighed, was he going to do this all night? She would like to actually get some sleep. He nuzzled his face further into her neck and she could feel his hot breath on her neck. Suppressing a shiver she asked "Are you going to so that all night?"

It came out less sharp than intended. She could almost feel his smirk "Only if you want me to Natalya."

She merely sighed and shifted position, unconsciously snuggling

closer. Nero smiled and began stroking her hair. Raven gave a small smile and relaxed into it. Her breathing slowed and deepened as she fell asleep.

Nero gave a small smile as he looked down at her. Raven-no Natalya looked much softer and calmer when she was asleep. The pajamas added to the effected. He has to admit he has been a little shocked when he had seen her dressed like that. She'd looked veryâ€|different, less like the strong woman she was and more like the vulnerable girl she had been when he first met her. He'd be lying if he said she didn't look beautiful, she always did, just now in a less dangerous way.

He looked down at her sleeping face and saw that she wore a small smile. He pressed his lips gently to the crook of her neck and whispered "good night Natalya". Then he rested his head on his pillow and with a smile mirroring the one on the woman he held in his arms face he joined her in sleep.

End
file.